

TOM  
TEL-TROTHS  
MESSAGE, AND  
HIS PENS COM-  
PLAINT.

*A worke not unpleasant to be read,  
nor unprofitable to be fol-  
lowed. ¶*

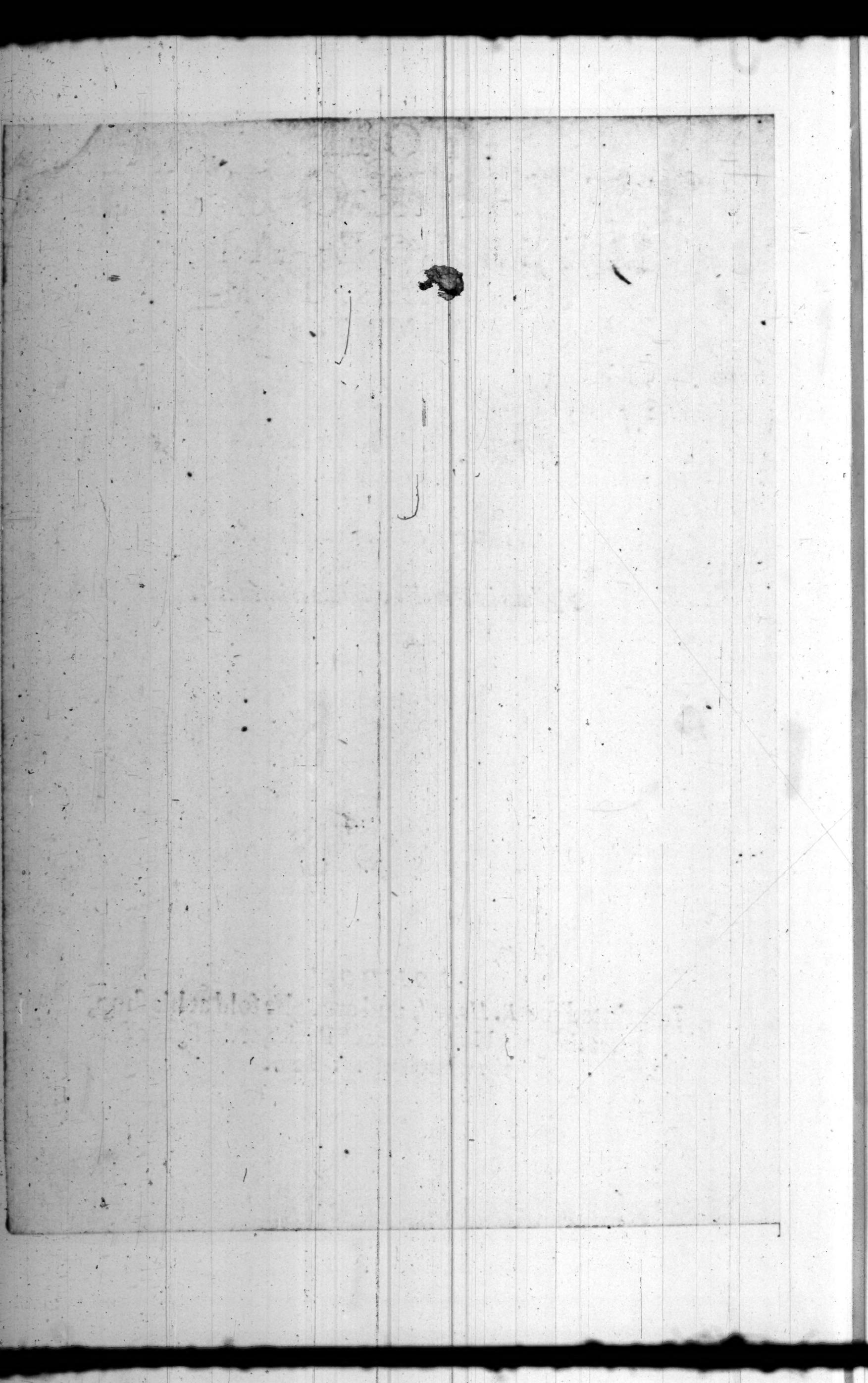
Written by I o. L A. Gent.

*Nullum in correcto criminis crimen erit.*



LONDON

Imprinted for R. Howell, and are to be sold at his shop,  
neare the great North doore of Paules, at the signe of  
the white horse. 1600.





5

TO THE WORSIPFUL  
MASTER GEORGE DOVVSE GENTLE-  
MAN, Io. LA. WISHETH FRVITI-  
on of endlesse felicitie.



F writings may quittance benefits, or good-will more then common curtesie, then accept, I beseech you, these first fruoutes of my barren braine, the token of my loue, the seale of my affection, and the true cognizance of my vnfained affection. And for somuch as the plot of my Pamphlet is rude, though true, the matter meane, the manner meaner, let me humbly desire, though slenderly I deserue, to haue it patronized vnder the wings of your fauour; in requitall whereof I will be,

*Yours euer to command,*

Io. L A.

A 3





TO THE GENTLEMEN  
READERS.

Iudicall Readers, wise Apolloes flocke,  
Whose eyes like keyes doe open learnings locke ;  
Daigne with your eye-lampes to behold this booke,  
And in all curtefie thereon to looke :  
Thus being patronized by your view,  
I shall not be ashamed of his hew.

Oh graunt my suite, my suite you understand,  
That I may you commend, you me command.

Io. L.A.





## TOM TEL-TROTHS *Message, and his pens com- plaint.*

**T**Hou that didst earst Romes Capitall defend,  
Defend this sacred reliue of thy wing,  
And by this power Diuine some succor send,  
To sauе the same from carping *Momus* sting:  
That like a tell-troth it may boldly blaze,  
And pensill-like paint forth a iust dispraise.

Goe naked pen the hearts true secretarie,  
Imbath'd in sable liquor mixt with gall,  
And from thy master these rude verses carrie,  
Sent to the world, and in the world to all:  
In mournfull verse lament the faults of men,  
Doe this, and then returne heart-easing pen.

Time



# Tom Tel-troths Message.



Time sits him downe to weepe in sorrowes sell,  
 And Truth bewailes mans present wickednes,  
 Both Time and Truth a dolefull tale doe tell,  
 Deploring for mans future wretchednes :  
 With teare-bedewed cheeks help, help therfore,  
 Sad tragicke muse to weepe, bewaile, deplore.

Me thinks I see the ghost of Conscience,  
 Raisde from the darke grave of securitie,  
 Viewing the world, who once was banisht thence;  
 Her cheeks with teares made wet, with sighs made dry :  
 And this did agrauate her griefe the more,  
 To see the world much worse then twas before.

She wept, I saw her weepe, and wept to see  
 The salt teares trickling from her aged eyes,  
 Yea and my pen copartner needs would bee,  
 With black-inke teares, our teares to sympathize :  
 So long wee wept that all our eyes were drie,  
 And then our tongues began aloud to crie.

Come



# Tom Tel-troths Message.



Come sad *Melpomene* thou tragicke Muse,  
To beare a part in these our dolefull cries,  
Spare not with taunting verses to accuse,  
The wicked world of his iniquities,  
Tell him his owne, be bold and not ashamed,  
Nor cease to speake till thou his faults hast blamed.

I seeme to heare resounding Echoes tatling,  
Of misdemeanors raigning heere and there,  
And party-coloured Pyes on greene bowes pratling,  
Of foolish fashions raging euerie where:  
Then blame not my muse what so ere she say,  
Sith birds and Echoes mens fond faultis bewray.

O world, no world, but rather sinke of sinne,  
Wher blind and fickle Fortune Empresse raigneth;  
O men, no men, but swine that lie therein,  
Among whom vertue wrong'd by vice complaineth:  
Thus world bad, men worse, men in world, worldly men,  
Doe giue occasion to my plaintife pen.

B

Sinne



## Tom Tel-troths Message.



Sinne like the monster *Hydra* hath more heads,  
Then heauens hie roose hath siluer-spangled staires,  
And in his iawes mens soules to hell he leads,  
Whererie fiends meeete them in flaming Charres :  
This Pirate like a Pilate keepes each coast,  
Bringing his guests vnto their hellish hoast.

If all the earth were writing paper made,  
All plowshares pens, all furrowes lines in writing,  
The Ocean, inke, wherein the sea-Nymphes wade,  
And all mens consciences scribes inditing :  
Too much could not be written of mans sinne,  
Since sinne did in the first man first begin.

But as the Ægyptian dog runs on the brink,  
Of Nilus leuen-fold ouer-flowing floud,  
And staying not, now here, now there doth drinke,  
For feare of Crocodiles which lurke in mudde :  
So shall my pen runne briefly ouer all,  
Reciting these misdeeds which worke mans thrall.

Nature



# Tom Tel-troths Message.



Nature that whilome bore the chiefeſt ſway,  
Bridling mans bodie with the raigues of Reaſon,  
Is now inforc'd in vncouth walkes to ſtray  
Exilde by cuſtome which encrocht through treaſon:  
Inſtead of Art, Natures companion,  
Fancie with cuſtome holdes dominion.

*Ouid* could reſtifie that in hiſ time,  
*Aſtreas* fled from earth to heauen aboue,  
Loathing iuineſte as a damned crime,  
VVhiſh ſhe with equall poifed ſchoales did proue:  
And thiſ pen in any time ſhall iuſtifie,  
That truce religion is conſtraineſ to ſlie.

The two leafe-dores of quondam honeſtie,  
VVhiſh on foure vertues Cardinall were turned,  
By Cardinals degrēe and poperie,  
Are now as heretike-like reliques burned:  
Now carnall vice, not vertue Cardinall,  
Plaies Chiſtmas gambals in the Popes great hall.



## Tom Tel-troths Message.



VVell, sith the Popes name pops so fidly in,  
From Pope ile take the Latin P.away,  
And Pope shall with the Greeke n. then bgin,  
VVhose type and tippe that he may climbe ile pray:  
Pray all with mee that he may climbe this letter:  
For in this praier each man is his detter.

I passe not although with bell,booke, and candle,  
His bald-pate Priests and shoren Friers curse,  
My plaintife pen his rayling text shall handle:  
Nor doe I think my selfe one iot the worse:  
Yea though my pen were in their Purgatorie,  
Yet should my pen hold on his plaintife storie.

Oh what a world is it for one to see,  
How Monkes and Friers would religious seeme?  
VVhose heads make humble congies to the knee,  
That of their humble minds all men might deeme:  
These be the sycophants whose fained zeale,  
Hath brought in woe to euerie commonweale.

The



## Tom Tel-trotbs Message.



The Monkes like monkies hauing long blacke tailes,  
Tellole wiues tales to busie simple braines,  
The baudie Friers do hunt to catch females,  
To shriue and free them from infernall paines.

Thus Monkes and Friers, fire-brands of hell,  
Like to incarnate diuels with vs dwell.

But I as loath, so will I leaue to write,  
Against this popish ribble rabble route,  
Hoping ere long some other will indite,  
Whole volumes gainst their stander-bearers stout:  
Poets and Painters meane while shall descry,  
VVith pens and pensils their hypocrisy.

As thus my pen doth glance at euerie vice,  
Needs must I heare poore Learnings lamentation,  
VWhich whilome was esteem'd at highest price,  
But now reieected is of euerie nation:  
She loueth men yet is shee wrong'd by men,  
Her wronged loue giues matter to my pen.



# Tom Tel-troths Message.



Pallas the nurse of Nature-helping Art,  
Whose babes are Schollers, and whose cradels, schooles,  
From whose milch teates no pupils would depart,  
Till they by cunning shund the names of fooles :  
She, euен she, wanders in open streetes,  
Seeking for schollers, but no schollers meetes.

Englandstwo eyes, Englands two Nurceries,  
Englands two nests, Englands two holy mounts,  
I meane Englands two Vniuersities,  
Englandstwo Lamps, Englands two sacred founts,  
Are so puld at, puld out, and eke puld downe,  
That they can scarce maintaine a wide sleeu'd gowne.

Lately as one CAME ore a BRIDGE, he saw  
An OXE stand ore a FORDE to quench his drouth:  
But lo the Oxe his dry lips did withdraw,  
And from the water lifted vp his mouth.  
Like Tantalus this drie Oxe there did stand,  
God grant this darke Enigma may be scand.

The



# Tom Tel-troths Message.



The Liberall Sciences in number seauen,  
 Which in seauen ages like seauen Monarchs raigne,  
 And shin'd on earth as Planets seauen in heauen,  
 Are now like Almesfolkes beggerly maintained,  
 Whilst in their roome seauen deadly sins beare sway,  
 Which makes these seauen Arts like seauen slaues obey.

*Grammer* the ground and strong foundation,  
 Upon which Lady Learning builds her tower,  
*Grammer* the path-way and direction,  
 That leadeth unto *Pallas* sacred bower,  
 Stands bondslave-like of Stationers to be sold,  
 Whom all in free Schooles erst might free behold.

And *Rhetoricke* adorne with figures fine,  
 Trickt vp with tropes, and clad in comely speech,  
 Is gone as Pilgrime to the Muses nine,  
 For her late wrong assistance to beseech.

Now rich Curnudgions best orations make,  
 Whilst in their pouches gingling coyne they shake.

*Logiske*



## Tom Tel-troths Message.



*Logicke* which like a whetstone sharpes the braine,  
*Logicke* which like a touch-stone tries the minde,  
*Logicke* which like a load-stone erst drew gaine,  
 Is now for want of maintenance halfe pinde.  
 And sith in Colledges no maides may dwell,  
 Many from Colledges doe her expell.

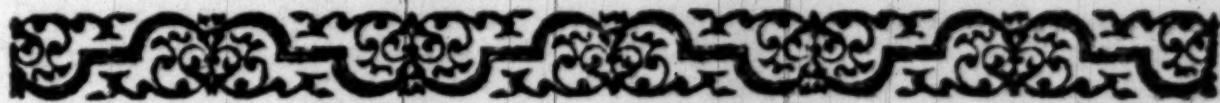
*Musick* I much bemoynethy miserie,  
 Whose well-tunde notes delight the Gods aboue,  
 Who with thine eare-bewitching melodie,  
 Doeſt vnto men and beasts ſuch pleaſure moue:  
 Though wayling cannot helpe, I wayle thy wrong,  
 Bearing a part with thee in thy ſad ſong.

*Ariþmetick*e ſhe next in number stands,  
 Numbring her cares in teaching how to number;  
 Which cares in number paſſing ſalt-sea ſands,  
 Disturbe her minde, and ſtill her corps incumber:  
 Care addeth griefe, griefe multiplies her woe,  
 Whose ebbe ſubſtracting, brings reducing floe.

*Geometric*



# Tom Tel-troths Message.



Geometrie as seruile prentise bound,  
Vnto the Mother earth for many yeares,  
Hath long since meated out the massie ground,  
Which ground the impression of her foot-steps beares.

Great was her labour, great shoulde her gaine,  
But her great labour was repaid with paine.

Astronomie not least, though last, hath lost  
By cruell fate her starre-embroidred coate:  
Her spheric globe in danger's seas is tost,  
And in mishap her instruments doe floate.

All Almanacks hereof can witnesse beare,  
Else would my selfe hereof as witnesse sweare.

But how should I with stile poeticall,  
Proceede to rime in meeter or in verse?  
If Poetrie the Queene of verses all,  
Should not be heard, whose plaint mine eare doth pierce?

Oh helpe Apollo with apologie,  
To blaze her vndeserued iniurie.

C

Horace



## Tom Tel-troths Message.



*Horace did write the Art of Poetrie,  
The Art of Poetrie Virgill commended:  
Ouid thereto his studies did applie,  
Whose life and death still Poetrie defended.  
Thrice happye they, but thrice vnhappie I,  
They sang her praise, but I her iniurie.*

*O princely Poeticke, true Prophetesse,  
Perfektions patterne, Matrone of the Muses,  
I weepe to thinke how rude men doe oppresse,  
And wrong thine Art with their absurd abuses.  
They are but drosse, thine Art it is diuine,  
Cast not therefore thy pearles to such swine.*

*The sugred songs that sweete Swannes vse to sing,  
Floting adowne Meanders siluer shore,  
To countrie swaines no kinde of solace bring;  
The winding of an horne they fancie more.  
No marueil then though Ladie Poetrie,  
Doe suffer vndeserued injurie.*

Like



# Tom Tel-trotbs Message.



Like to *Batillus* euery ballet-maker,  
That never climbd vnto *Pernassus* Mount,  
Will so incroach that he will be partaker,  
To drinke with *Maro* at the *Castale* fount.

Yea more then this to weare a lawrell Crowne,  
By penning new gigges for a countrie clowne.

When *Marsias* with his bagpipes did contend,  
To make farre better Musicke then *Apollo*:  
When *Thameras* in selfe conceit would mend  
The Muses sweete songs note, what then did follow?  
Conuictid both, to both this was assignde,  
The first was hangd, the last was stroken blinde.

And may it happen to those bastard braines,  
Whose base rimes striue to better Poetic,  
That they may suffer like deserued paines,  
For these be they that worke her infamie.

Thus hauing blazd false Poets in their bew,  
Deare Poetic (though loth) I bid adiew.

C 2

As



## Tom Tel-troths Message.



As Poetrie in poesie I leave,  
I see seauen sinnes which croft seauen Liberall Arts,  
Which with their fained shew doe men deceave,  
And on the wide worlds stage doe play their parts :  
As thus men follow them, they follow men,  
They moue more matter to my plaintife pen.

These mincing maides and fine-trickt trulys ride post  
To Plures pallace, like purveyers proude;  
Thither they leade many a damned ghost,  
With howling consorts caroling aloude :  
And as one after one they post to hell,  
My plaintife pen shall thir abuses tell.

First prauinceth Pride with principalitie,  
Guarded with troupes of new-found fashions :  
Her hand-maides are Fancie and Vanitie :  
These three a progresse got throughout all nations :  
And as by any towne they passe along,  
People to see them gather in a throng.

Now



## Tom Tel-trotts Message.



Now fine-rust Ruffines in their brauerie,  
Make cringing cuts with new inuention :  
New-cut at Cardes brings some to beggarie,  
But this new-cut brings most vnto destruction :  
So long they cut, that in their purse no groate  
They leaue, but cut some others purse or throate.

Bedawbd with gold like Apuleius Asse  
Some princk and pranck it : others more precise,  
Full trick and trim tir'd in the looking-glasse,  
With strange apparell doerhemselves disguise.  
But could they see what others in them see,  
Follie might flie, and they might wiser bee.

Some gogle with the eyes, some squint-cyd looke,  
Some at their fellowes iquemish sheepe-s-eyes cast :  
Some turne the whites vp, some looke to the foote,  
Some winke, some twinke, some blinke, some stare as fast.  
The summe is infinite, eye were a detter,  
If all should answere I, with I the letter.



## Tom Tel-troth's Message.



Many desire to foote it with a grace,  
Or Lion-like to walke maesticall:  
But whilst they strive to keepe an equipace,  
Their gate is foolish and phantasticall.

As Hobby-horses, or as Anticks daunce,  
So doe these foole's vnseemely seemes to prounce.

I will not write of sweatie long shag haire,  
Or curled lockes with frisled periwigs :  
The first the badge that Ruffins vse to weare,  
The last the cognisance of wanton rigs.

But sure I thinke as in Medusae head,  
So in their haires are craulling Adders bred.

Men Proteus-like resemble every shape,  
And like Camelions euery colour faine,  
How deare so ere, no fashion may escape  
The hands of those whose gold may it attaine:  
Like ebbe and flow these fashions goe and come,  
Whose price amounteth to a massie summe.

The



## Tom Tel-trotbs Message.



The sharp-set iawes of greedie sheeres deuoure,  
And seaze on every cloath as on a pray,  
Like *Atropose* cutting that in an houre,  
Which weauers *Lachese*-like wrought in a day.

These snip-snap sheeres in al shieres get great shares,  
And are partakers of the dearest wares.

When fig-tree leaues did shroude mans nakednesse,  
And home-spun cloath was counted clothing gay,  
Then was mans bodie clad with comelinesse,  
And honour shrouded was in rude array:

But since those times by future times were changed,  
Thousands of fashions through the world haue ranged.

Ambitious thoughts, hearts haughtie, mindes aspiring,  
Proud lookes, fond gates, and what not vndescreete,  
As seruants waitemens bodie still atyring.

With far-fetcht gewgawes for yong children meete:

Where with whilſt they themſelues doe daily decke,  
Brauado-wise they ſcorne to brooke the checke.

Some



# Tom Tel-troths Message.

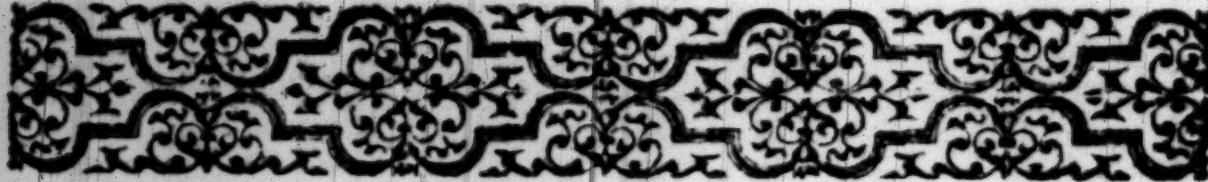


Some couet winged sleevees like Mercurie,  
Others round hole much like to Fortunes wheel:  
(Noting thereby their owne vncostancie)  
Some weare short cloakes, some cloakes that reach their heele.  
These Apish trickes vsde in their daily weedes,  
Bewray phantasticke thoughts, fond words, soule deedes.

Bold Bettresse braues and brags it in her wiers,  
And buskt she must be, or not bust at all :  
Their riggish heads must be adornd with tires,  
With Periwigs, or with a golden Call.  
Tut, tut, tis nothing in th' Exchange to change,  
Monthly as doth the Moone their fashions strange.

It seemes strange birds in England now are bred,  
And that rare fowles in England build their nest,  
When Englishmen with plumes adorne their head,  
As with a Cocks-combe or a Peacocke crest.  
These painted plumes men in their caps doe weare,  
And women in their bands doe trickly beare.

Perhaps



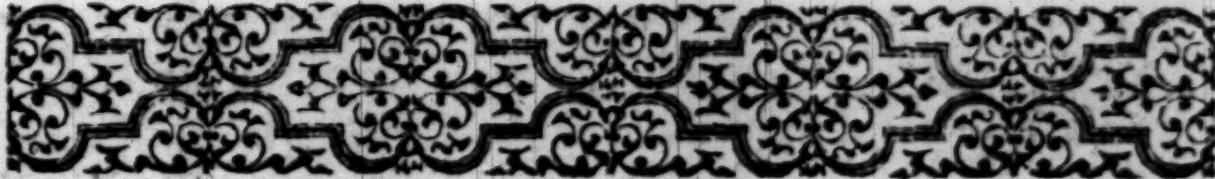
# Tom Tel-troths Message.



Perhaps some women being foule, doe vse  
Fowles feathers to shroude their deformitie:  
Others perchance these plumes doe rather chuse,  
From weather and winde to shield their phisnomie.  
But whilst both men and women vse these feathers,  
They are deem'd light as feathers, winde and weathers.

Some dames are pumpt, because they live in pompe,  
That with *Herodias* they might nimblly daunce:  
Soine in their pantophels too stately stompe,  
And most in corked shooes doe nicely praunce.  
But here I doubtfull stand whether to blame  
The shoomakers, or them that weare the same.

In countrie townes men vse fannes for their corne,  
And such like fannes I cannot discommend:  
But in great cities fannes by truls are borne,  
The sight of which doth greatly God offend.  
And were it not I should be deem'd precise,  
I could approue these sond fann'd fooles vnwise.



## Tom Tel-troths Message.



A Painter lately with his pensill drew  
 The picture of a Frenchman and Italian,  
 With whom he plac'd the Spaniard, Turk and Iew,  
 But by himselfe he sat the Englishman.  
 Before these laughing went *Democritus*,  
 Behinde these weeping went *Heracitus*.

All these in comely vesture were atired,  
 According to the custome of their land,  
 The Englishman excepted, who desired  
 With others feathers like a lay to stand.  
 Thus whilst he seeketh forraine brauerie,  
 He is accused of vncostancie.

Some call him Ape, because he imitates,  
 Some foole, because he fancies euery bable:  
 Some liken him to fishes caught with baites,  
 Some to the winde, because he is vnstable.  
 Then blamie him not, although gaint Englishmen,  
 This Englishman writ with his plaintife pen.

But



# Tom Tel-troths Message.



But hush no more, enough's enough, fie, fie,  
Wilt thou thy countries faults in verse compile?  
Desist betimes, least thou *peccandi* crie,  
For no bird sure his owne nest will defile.

Well, sith thou brak'st his head and mad'st a sore,  
With silence giue a salve, and write no more.

The world began, and so will end with Pride,  
With Pride this poynt began, with Pride it ends:  
And whilst in pleasures Chariot she doth ride,  
My plaintive pen page-like still by her wends.

Thus hauing painted out Prides roysting race,  
At this poynts end a periods poynt I place.

Now pyning Enuie whining doth appeare,  
With bodie leane, with visage pale and wan,  
With withered face, and with vnkeamed haire,  
She doth both fret, and fume, sweare, curse and ban:  
She fareth ill, when other men fare well,  
Others prosperitic is made her hell.

D 2

She



## Tom Tel-troths Message.



She peepes and pries into all actions,  
And she is neuer well but when she iarres:  
She is the mother of all factions,  
She broacheth quarrels, and increaseth warres:  
Anger is hot, and Wrath doth roughly rage,  
But nothing Enuies heating hate can swage.

This Trull inticed Pompey to contend,  
And with great Casar ciuill warres to moue:  
This dame allured Kings their liues to spend,  
In bloodie broyles and braules deuoyd of loue:  
Incensing subiects gainst their governours,  
Sonnes against Sires, Captiuers against Conquerors.

As Iron doth consume it selfe with rust,  
By eating which it selfe it still doth eate:  
So doth the enuious man soone come to dust,  
And doth consume himselfe whilſt he doth fret.  
Thus Enuie still conspires to end his life,  
That liuing with another, liues at strife.

We



## Tom Tel-troths Message.



We reade that Enuie twixt two men did grow,  
 And that the one of them one eye would lose,  
 So that he might pluck both eyes from his foe,  
 And plucking both eyes out his eyes might close.  
 O who would thinke a man should beare the minde,  
 To lose one eye to make another blinde !

What trade so base but there is Enuie in it,  
 When Minstrels with blinde Fidlers daily striue ?  
 What strife is there but Enuie doth begin it,  
 When iustring Iacks to walls their betters driue?  
 The truth hereof I shall not neede to sweare,  
 Sith *Hesiod*e old hercof doth witnesse beare.

What is the cause that many mop and moe,  
 That many scoffe, and scorne, and gibe, and iest,  
 With rimes and riddles rating at their foe,  
 Flouting the base, and powting at the best?

What is the cause? the cause one line shall show,  
 Enuie is cause, which in mens hearts doth grow.



# Tom Tel-troths Message.

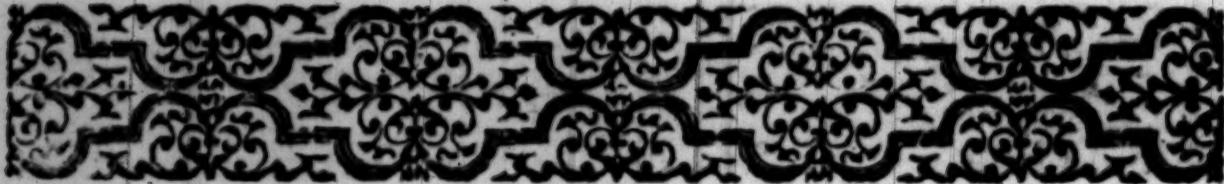


Knowledge within the hart of man doth dwell,  
And loue within the liuer builds his nest:  
But Enuie in the gall of man doth swell,  
And playes the rebell in his boyling brest.  
O woulde to God men had no gall at all,  
That Enuie might not harbour in the gall.

Enuie and Charitic together strove,  
Which of them two a man should entertaine;  
The one with spight, the other sought with loue;  
The first in gall, the last in hart would raigne:  
So long they strove that Enuie lost the field,  
And Charitic made Enuie captiuе yeeld.

Enuie adiew, and welcome Charitic,  
The bond of peace and all perfection,  
The way that leades to true felicitie,  
Filling the soule with most diuine refection.  
Enuie shall goe, Ile cleaue vnto thy lore,  
Thee will I serue, and thee will I adore.

Next



## Tom Tel-troths Message.



Next followes Wrath, Enuies fierce fellow-mate,  
Attired in a roring Lions skin,  
Ietting along with a giant-like gate,  
Which aye a tyrant terrible hath bin.  
A butcher-like within his hands doth beare  
Their harts, which he with woluish teeth doth teare.

Wrath moued *Herod* with blood-thirstie hart,  
To slaughter infants from their mothers brest ;  
Like lambes scarce can'd, or doues new-hatcht to part,  
And with liues losse to leaue both damme and nest.  
O had King *Herod* knowne what would ensue,  
He had not done what he did after ruc.

He shed their blood, their blood did vengeance craue ;  
They first too soone, he last too late did dye ;  
They led the way, he followed to the graue ;  
Both they and he a pray for wormes did lye.  
Yet thus they differ, wormes them dead did eate,  
But him aliue the wormes did make their meate.

Wrath.



## Tom Tel-truths Message.



Wrath in *Caligulaes* mad head did grow,  
 Making him wish that Rome had but one head,  
 That he might smite off that head at a blow,  
 Whose pompe he saw like many heads to spread :  
 But whilſt he thought Romes heads in one to lop,  
 Romes heads in one his flower of life did crop.

Wrath is the cause that men in Smith-field meete,  
 (Which may be called smite-field properly)  
 Wrath is the cause that maketh every streete  
 A shambles, and a bloodie butcherie,  
 Where roysting ruffins quarrell for their drabs,  
 And for sleight causes one the other stabs.

VWrath puffes men vp with mindes Thrasonicall,  
 And makes them braue it braggadocio-like :  
 VWrath maketh men triumph Tyrannicall,  
 With sword, with shield, with gunne, with bill and pike:  
 Yea now adaiies VWrath causeth him to dye,  
 That to his fellow dares to give the lye.

*Mars*



## Tom Tel-troths Message.



Mars is the Chieftaine of this wrathfull host,  
VVhose embrewd standard is with blood dyed red;  
Of many he spares few, and kils the most,  
And with their corps his bloodie panch is fed.

Tara tantara, sa, sa, kill, kill, he cries,  
Filling with blood the earth, with scrikes the skies.

VWraths fierce fore-runner is Timeritic,  
And after VWrath Repentance shortly followes:  
The first rides gallop into miserie,  
The last procures sadnes, despayre and sorrow.

VWho therefore doe desire to liue at rest,  
Let them not harbour wrath within their brest.

VWraths contrarie is Lady Patience,  
VWho conquers most when she is conquered,  
She teacheth beasts that they by common sence,  
Might teach to vanquish, being vanquished.

Rammes running back with greater force returne,  
And Lime most hor, in most cold springs doth burne.

E

Patience



## Tom Tel-troths Message.



Patience a cosin hath calde Sufferance,  
Neerely akind, because she is so kinde ;  
She is most like a Doue in countenance,  
And like an Angell in her humble minde;  
All Phænix-like shē is but rarely found,  
Wou'd God shē might be seene on English ground.

Then naked swords themselues would neuer cloath,  
With wounded skinnes of men whom men did maime:  
Then quarrellers would after quaffing loath,  
VVith stabs and strokes to kill or make men lame.  
Then, then I say, swords might in scabberts sleepe,  
And some might laugh which are constrainde to weepe.

As thus my pen writing of Vice spares none,  
It brings into my sight a lazie Gill,  
A sleeping sluggard and a drowsie drone,  
VVhich snorts and snores, and euer sitteth still:  
Some call her Sloth, some call her Idlenessse,  
A friend to neede, a foe to wealthinessse.

They



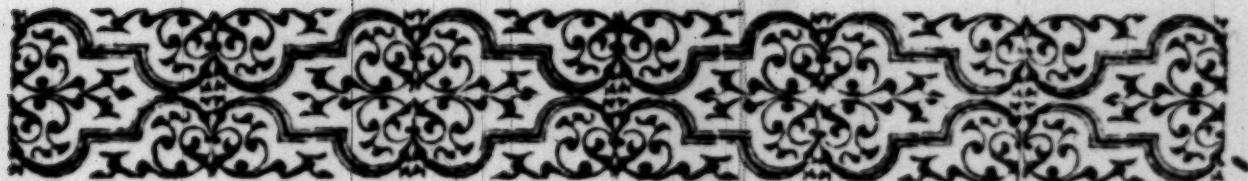
## Tom Tel-troch's Message.



They tearme her Mother of all other vices,  
Bearing a spawne of many new-bred sinnes:  
Many she lures, and many she entices,  
Whereof most part is trapped in her ginnes:  
She is the But at which foule Lust doth shoote,  
And where she toucheth there she taketh roote.

I once did heare of one *Lipotopo*,  
(Whose pace was equall with the Hell-housde snaile)  
That to a fig-tree laisly did go,  
Whose broad-leau'd branches made a shady vaile:  
Thither this lusking lubber softly creped,  
And there this lazie lizard soundly sleeped.

But as one *Goffo* by the fig-tree went,  
He wakened him from out his drowsie sleepes,  
And earnestly did aske him what he ment,  
Vnder that fig-tree all alone to keepe.  
As thus he did *Lipotopo* awake,  
Yawning and gaping thus he idly spake.



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## Tom Tel-troths Message.



Good friend it is a paine for me to speake,  
Because I vse nothing but only sleeping :  
Yet vnto thee my minde Ile shortly breake,  
And shew the cause of my here daily keeping.  
The cause is this, that when these ripe figges fall,  
My gaping mouth might then receiuē them all.

As thus he spake, *Goffo* from off the tree  
Pluckt a ripe fig, and in his mouth did put it :  
Which when he gan to feele, my friend (quoth he)  
I pray thee stirre my iawes that I may glut it.  
*Goffo* admiring this his lazinessse,  
Left him as he him found in idlenessse.

O would my pen were now a pensill made,  
And I a Poet might a Painter bee,  
That picture-like this patterne might be laide  
Before mens eyes, that it their eyes might see ;  
By which they seeing Sloths deformitie,  
Might flie from Sloth and follow industrie.

Now



# Tom Tel-troths Message.



Now doth appeare dame niggard Auarice,  
Who being loden with gold gapes for gold:  
She raiseth cheape things to the highest price,  
And in Cheapside makes nothing chaepre be sold,  
Which coyne, her chests fild full, fulfill her eyc,  
Whilst poore folkes perish in great miserie.

She hath been troubled long with one disease,  
VVhich some a Dropsie call, or drouth of gaine;  
She drinkeſ and drinkeſ againe, yet cannot ease  
Her thirstie sicknesſe and her greedie paine:  
Still is ſhe ſicke, yet is ſhe neuer dead,  
Because her ſicknesſe still is nourished.

Her bodie groſſe, engroſſeth all the corne,  
And of the groſſest wares makes greatest gaine:  
Yea Grocers now adaiies as men forlorne,  
Auerte that they againſt her haue cause to plaine:  
Yet doth ſhe liue, yet doth ſhe tyrannize,  
Because her coyne her works doth wantantize.



# Tom Tel-troths Message.



This Auarice a cosin-germanc hath,  
VVhich many Londoners call Vsurie,  
VVhich like a braue comptroller boldly saith,  
She will bring England into miserie :  
VVho vnder colour of a friendly lending,  
Seemes of her bad trade to make iust defending.

They hand in hand doe walke in every streeete,  
Making the proudest Caualiers to stoope :  
If with their debtors they doe chaunce to meeete,  
They pen them vp within the *Poulteries* coope.

And if for gold lent, men would counters pay,  
In VWoodstreets Counter there them fast they lay.

Now Charitie which is the band of peace,  
Is turned to a Scriueners scribbling band,  
To *Indentura facta*, or a lease,  
To racking houses, tenements and land :  
All this can gold, all this can siluer do,  
And more then this if neede require thereto.

From



## Tom Tel-trotbs Message.



From whence comes gold but from the earth below?  
 VVhereof, if not of earth, are all men made?  
 Like will to like, and like with like will grow,  
 Growing they florish, florishing they fade.  
 But where are gold and men? in hell, wher's hell?  
 On earth, where gold and men with gold do dwell.

The prouerbe old I doe approue most true,  
 Better to fill the bellie then the eye:  
 For whilst rich misers feedes on monies view,  
 Sparing they liue in wilfull penurie:  
 Yea more then this, they liue vpon a crust,  
 VVhilst in their heaped bags their gold doth rust.

Come plaintife pen and whip them with thy rod,  
 And plainly tell them their Idolatrie,  
 VVhich make their gold their loue, their life, their god,  
 VVhich with their gold desire to liue and die.  
 Tell them if to no better vse they turne  
 Their gold, they with their gold in hell shall burne.

Thus



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## Tom Tel-troths Message.



Thus leauing Vsurie and Auarice,  
As Sathan's limmes or fire-brands of hell,  
As rauening wolues that liue by preiudice,  
Or greedie hogs that on mens grounds do dwell :

I post to that which I had almost past,  
But now haue ouertaken at the last.

The name of her whom heere I meeete withall,  
Is Gluttonie the mother of excesse,  
Which making daintie feasts, doth many call  
To eate with her the meate that she did dresse :  
Who beeing set to eate her toothsome meat :  
Eating doth eate and never cease to eate .

This trull makes youngsters spend their patrimonie,  
In sauced meates and sugred delicates,  
And makes men stray from state of Matrimonie,  
To spend their substance vpon whorish mates :  
That by their lauish prodigalitie,  
She may maintaine her fleshly vanitie.

With



# Tom Tel-troths Message.



With gobs she sals and stuffes her greedie gorge,  
And neuer is her gaping stomacke fed,  
Bits vncshaw'de in her bulke as in a forge,  
Kindle the coales whereof soule lust is bred :  
Thus doe we see how lazie gluttonic,  
Consorts her selfe with Ladie Lecherie.

One other mate she hath call'd Dronkennesse,  
A bibbing swilbowle and a bowzing gull,  
VVhich neuer drinks but with excessiuenesse,  
And drinkes so long vntill her paunch is full:  
She drinkes as much as she can well containe,  
VVhich being voyded,then she drinkes againe.

But when the drinke doth worke within her head,  
She rowles and reekes, and pimpers with the eyes,  
She stamps,she stares,she thinks white black,black red,  
She teares and sweares,she geeres,she laughes and cries:  
And as her giddie head thinks all turnes round,  
She belching fals, and vomits on the ground.



## Tom Tel-troths Message.



Some men are drunke, and being drunke will fight,  
 Some men are drunke, and being drunke are merrie,  
 Some men are drunke, and secrets bring to light,  
 Some men are drunke, and being drunke are sorie :  
 Thus may we see that drunken men haue passions,  
 And drunkennesse hath many foolish fashions.

Fishes that in the seas doe drinke their fill,  
 Teach men by nature to shun drunksenesse,  
 VVhat bird is there that with his chirping bill,  
 Of any liquour euer tooke excesse ?  
 Thus beastes on earth, fish in seas, birds in skie,  
 Teach men to shun all superfluitie.

VVould any heare the discommodities,  
 That doe arise from our excesse of drinke :  
 It duls the braine, it hurts the memorie,  
 It blinds the sight, it makes men bleare-cyd blinke,  
 It kils the bodie, and it wounds the soule,  
 Leau therefore leau, O leau this vice so foule.

Now



# Tom Tel-troths Message.



Now last of all though perhaps chiefe of all,  
My pen hath hunted out lewde Lecherie,  
VVhich many sinnes and many faults doth call,  
To bee pertakers to her trecherie:  
Her loue is lust, her lust is sugred sower,  
Her paine is long, her pleasure but a flower.

VVhen chaste Adonis came to mans estate,  
Venus straight courted him with many a wile;  
Lucrece once scene, straight Tarquine laid a baite,  
VVith foule incest her bodie to defile:  
Thus men by women, women wrongde by men,  
Giue matter still vnto my plaintife pen.

Thousands of whores maintained by their wooers,  
Entice by land as Syrens doe by seas,  
VVhich being like path-waies or open doores,  
Infect mens bodies with the French disease:  
Thus women woe of men though woed by men,  
Still adde new matter to my plaintife pen.



# Tom Tel-troths Message.



VVilome by nature men and women loued,  
And prone enough they were to loue thereby,  
But when they *Ouidis ars amandi* proued,  
Both men and women fell to lecherie:

By nature sinning art of sinne was found,  
To make mans sinne still more and more abound.

If that I could paint out foule lecherie,  
In her deformed shape and loathsome plight,  
Or if I could paint spotlesse Chastitie,  
In her true portraiture and colours bright:

I thinke no maid would euer proue an whore,  
But euerie maid would chasteitie adore.

Then maried men might vild reproaches scorne,  
And shunne the Hars crest to their hearts content,  
VVith cornucopia, Cornwall, and the horne,  
VVich their bad wifes bid from their bed be sent:  
Then should no olde Cocks, nor no cocke-olds crow,  
But euerie man might in his owne ground sow.

Then



# Tom Tel-troth's <sup>T</sup>Message.



Then light-taylde huswiues which like *Syrens* sing,  
And like to *Circes* with their drugs enchant,  
VVould not vnto the Banke-sides round house fling,  
In open sight themselues to shew and vaunt:  
Then then I say they would not masked goe,  
Though vnseene to see those they faine would know.

But in this Labyrinth I list not tread,  
Nor combate with the minotaure-like lust,  
Hence therefore will I wend by methods thread,  
And wend I will because needs wend I must:  
Farewell, nay fare-ill filthie lecherie,  
And welconie vndefiled chastitie.

*Vesta* I do adore thy puritie,  
And in thy Temples will I tapers beare,  
Thou O *Diana* for virginitie,  
Shalt be the matrone of my modest feare,  
That both in one, both beeing Goddesses,  
May of my maden-head bee witnesses.



# Tom Tel-troths Message.



O may my flesh like to the Ermiline,  
Vnspotted hue, and so vnspotted die,  
That when I come before the sacred shrine,  
My vntoucht corps themselues may guiltlesse trie:  
Then shall I glorie that I haue bin taught,  
To shun the snare wherein most folkes are caught.

Thus hath my pen described and descry'd,  
Sinne with his seuen heads of seuen deadly vices,  
And now my plaintife pen hath verified,  
That sinne from vertue mortall men entices:  
If any wicked *Momus* carpe the same,  
In blaming this I passe not for his blame.

Dictator-like I must confesse I write,  
And like a *Nemophetes* criticall,  
Perhaps my pen doth crabedly endite  
In plaintife humors merely Cinicall:  
But sooth to say, *Tom-telroth* will not lie,  
We heere haue blaz'd Englands iniquitie.

And



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Tom Tel-troths Message.



And for because my pen doth liquor want,  
Heere (being drie) he willing is to rest,  
Not for that he doth further matter want,  
For so to thinke were but a simple iest :  
And if (as he hath not) he haue offended,  
He hopes (as you) so he wilbe amended.

*FINIS.*

